When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſed ſtroake
That my youth ſuffered: my ſtory being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of ſighes;
She ſwore I faith twas ſtrange, twas paſſing ſtrange;
Twas pittifull, twas wondrous pittifull;
She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thanked me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that loued her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Vpon this heate I ſpake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt.
And I lou'd her that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and the reſt.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter to, ----
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake.
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction lite on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle miſtreſſe:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to reſpect you, you are Lord of all my duty,
I am hitherto your daughter, But heere's my husband:
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe,
Due to the Moore my Lord,

Bra.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State
I had rather to adopt a child then ge
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, with all my
I would keepe from thee: for your
I am glad at ſoule. I haue no other
For thy eſcape would teach me tyra
To hang clogs on em, I haue done m

Du. Let me ſpeake like your ſelf
Which as a greeſe or ſtep may helpe
Into your fauour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on h
To mourne a miſcheife that is paſt a
Is the next way to draw more miſc
What cannot be preſeru'd when for
Patience her iniury a mockery make
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſometh
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a boo

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cypres*
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmi
He beares the ſentence well that no
But the free comfort, which from th
But he beares both the ſentence and
That to pay griefe, muſt of poore pa
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equ
But words are words, I neuer yet di
That the bruis'd heart was pierced
Beſeech you now, to the affaires of

Du. The *Turke* with moſt migh
Othello, the fortitude of the place, is
haue there a ſubſtitute of moſt allo
ueraigne miſtreſſe of effects, throw
muſt therefore bee content to ſlu
tunes, with this more ſtubborne an

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